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After August the oyster months.

Belgium's summer boarders may not return another season.

High-bush blackberries are beginning to ripen. Can while you can.

Finland seems anxious to proclaim the kulur-key as its national bird.

Sunday motorists, keep to the right and save a sad story in Monday's papers.

The long-range cannon which dropped its missile into Calais may be a son of a gun used now and then to shell Paris.

Levi Smith, former law partner of Judge Darling, admits that Frank Howe is not disloyal, thus making it unanimous.

Secretary McAdoo may decide to adopt all the taxes that have been suggested, but even then most of us would not go broke. Yet we may if we don't pay the price of protection.

A sidelight on the part which British women are playing in the war is to be found in statistics which tell, among other things, that female membership in the British trade unions increased 130,352 in one year.

Down in Springfield, Mass., the police have voted to turn over to the war chest all the rewards received for capturing deserters. Blood money, as the rewards sometimes prove to be, could not be spent in a better way.

One of the interesting transformations which the war has made possible involves a fire laddie, who at one moment may be curled up in a chair busily knitting, and in the next rescuing a helpless baby from a fifth story.

People who can afford to butter their bread on both sides—if there are any left—will agree that war is all that General Sherman said it was. That train de luxe, the Bar Harbor express, is to be only a memory after Monday.

One of the requirements of religious profession in the church of the Latter Day Saints, according to a prominent elder, is the faithful discharge of duty in the present crisis. And the facts and figures which he cites indicate that Mormon boys in our armies to-day have not forgotten the traditions of the Mormon battalion which once crossed the southwestern desert to fight for the flag.

It is gratifying to learn that American troops at home and abroad have broken the world's record for health. In the week ending July 26, according to figures furnished Surgeon General Gorgas, deaths from disease among the soldiers were at the rate of 1.9 per 1,000 a year. That the best record in past wars was 20 per 1,000, in the Russo-Japanese war, shows the tremendous progress made in military sanitation.

So many fishing parties gravitate toward Pike, N. H., that special interest attaches to the report that the Lake Tarleton club has been called to time by the food administration of New Hampshire. Violation of the baking regulations figured in the complaint and once on the carpet the manager of the club did not deny some of the charges. One of the penalties requires the club to use substitutes to the amount of 100 pounds in excess of all that they had failed to use, as prescribed by the baking regulations. Prompt punishment in the matter of food violations creates a wholesome respect for authority in quarters where it is most needed sometimes.

A nose for news does not always furnish a convenient perch for the tortoiseshell glasses of the reporter, as any newspaperman who will but reminisce a bit as he turns through the files can tell you. Nine people, men or women, may go through battle, witness murder, or be in at sudden death, and they will not remember to call up their home newspaper, even though the opportunity is near at hand. The tenth man is an extraordinary individual who thinks of his newspaper on two occasions; at night, when he sits down to read it, and when something unusual happens to happen in the path where daily duty leads him. He may be a man who cannot write a straight sentence, but he has the nose, and to his kind the home paper is deeply indebted. Newspapers whose reporters and correspondents are not so numerous as to cover the field like the autumn leaves have printed hundreds of good yarns that never would have seen the light of day, so far as the reading public was concerned, had it not been for the thoughtfulness of a man with the nose. The Times can testify to the value of its unpaid staff, for many a ripping story has come trickling into this office simply because somebody with a nose under his two eyes had the presence of mind to use the telephone.

DEVIL TAKE THE MATCH.

Where is there recorded a more ignominious failure to perform its appointed task than the common or vest pocket

match? In these days when the war has imposed enough annoying assessments on our patience, why should the man in the street, in the office and in the shop be compelled perforce to waste his time or that of his employer in a vain attempt to get a light out of any fewer than four matches? Whether the ignition be attempted for purposes of urging a refractory pipe to function or to light the fire for the evening kettle, it matters not. The match has failed lamentably to live up to expectations. Not so long ago sulphur matches of the "seven-day" time were the joy of the smoker. Time was not at a premium then and men were blessed with a large surplus of patience. And the "seven-day," slow to anger, but of sufficient wrath once it yielded to friction and burned up the splinter a ways, served the purpose. Then came the "safety" match, bearing the excellent testimonial of the insurance companies and guaranteed to save the precious seconds that the rapid motion of the new generation had revealed.

We forgot our faithful ally of the sulphurous tip and greeted the new match with acclaim. Life, ever a trial, seemed a trifle easier for its coming. Little children who annually burst into the newspapers in large numbers by reason of their having nibbled at the dipped ends of the "spunk" were happier than ever in their stolen meal. Rats, gnawing at the red ends, took a deal more pleasure out of firing warehouses and general stores. The new matches made you feel that you were a part of a new era and there were many in a package. Alas, we were due for a fall. The once respected safety match, it seems, has become the child of the profiteers. It yields easily to the slightest aerial current, that is if it is first ignited. Muscular force fails to bring about ignition, and if the tiny spark is generated something fails to carry the warm tidings up the line to a point where the wood catches quickly. It is a sickly, ill-grained splinter that wears an evil concoction for its bonnet. The one is easily fractured and the other is hard to ignite. The war match would be less of a provocation for rough words if the cost had receded with the quality. But those two interesting points are as widely separated as the poles, and until the war match of 1918 has profited by the error of its slipshod ways it will remain in bad standing with most people.

CURRENT COMMENT

Does Frank C. Williams want to go to the legislature as a representative of the city of Newport or to look out for the interests of Frank C. Williams?—Bristolboro Reformer.

The Land of Romance and Terror.

It is right in the land of Quentin Durward's adventures that Quentin Roosevelt fell, and not far from St. Quentin. It is time for boys to read "Quentin Durward." The great story means more to us than ever.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Good Old Norwich.

Norwich university was given second place by a writer in a New York newspaper recently in a standing of colleges with reference to the number of men in the service. Norwich has 42 per cent. The Norwich University Record is of the opinion that the university should rank first, but in any event the showing is a credit to the university.—Burlington Free Press.

Mistaken Identity (Sec.)

We wonder how much the infusion of pep into the editorial columns of The St. Albans Messenger is due to presence of Congressman Greene in his home city.

We also expect to hear the question asked pretty soon just how (no pun is intended) active a part Mr. Greene is taking or expects to take in the contest under way for the Republican nomination for governor.

Hands off might be good politics and good policy.—Burlington News. The Messenger will content itself with saying that the man who is writing the editorials in The Messenger is the man to whom unsuccessful overtures were made by Judge Darling to get him to go to Burlington to edit the news not so very long ago. Judge Darling knows that man's name and knows it isn't Greene.—St. Albans Messenger.

Mr. Warburg's successor on the federal reserve board should obviously possess a technical knowledge of banking fully as expert as his if the general strength of the board is to be maintained at a high level. He was of great assistance in establishing the federal reserve system because no problem of finance in highly specialized departments was too obscure for him. There are men of equal attainments, no doubt, who can be had for service on the board and at the same time command the confidence of the eastern financial community. When the federal reserve board was first organized Mr. Warburg's appointment was designed to reassure "Wall street" on the point that amateurs would not control the new banking system, and that the financial center's point of view would not be ignored. The Warburg appointment in that sense was fully justified, and if his successor represents as successfully and intelligently as he has the best side of the great eastern banking interests, the country will be fortunate. There is no danger that "Wall street" will dominate the board.—Springfield Republican.

The Spire That Were.

Is the old New England church steeple, famed in song and story, soon to become only a memory? The inquiry is particularly pertinent in this season of violent electrical storms, to which lofty spires have ever presented a shining mark. As one after another of these steps goes tumbling toward the earth, the question invariably arises whether it is not better to replace them with the more useful domes than to rebuild them and offer them anew as a target for the lightning. In building new churches, too, especially in the larger cities, the architectural possibilities of the steeple are seldom taken into consideration.

Viewed from a mere material standpoint, the church spire, of course, serves no useful purpose beyond furnishing an excellent location for a fickle weather vane. It makes no great appeal to the common-sense mind which regard wanton waste of space in the same light that

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It regards the wanton waste of money. Simplicity itself, it hasn't even the redeeming virtue of "making a show," and so it must go to join the other relics of that distant day when utilitarianism was not the only test which things and humans had to meet. But if the steeple is no longer attractive to the churches, it still finds a warm welcome and safe refuge on the college campus. Within the past three years, for instance, at least two of our institutions of higher learning have adopted the old-fashioned meeting house as the model for their new chapels. From the college yards of both Wheaton and Middlebury majestic spires rise to the sky in token of the debt which newest New England owes to oldest New England.—Boston Transcript.

The Last of the Volunteers.

A government order has put an end to the volunteer system. Neither army nor navy is to accept recruits offered in this fashion. The fallacies and failures of the system of personal decision and self-selection is thus given its coup de grace. The government, wisely recognizing the national necessity, does away with the last of this system which has been so dear to the American emotions and so costly in their experience.

Conscription is the only safe method by which men can be withdrawn from civilian pursuits for army training and service. In conscription it can be expected that an intelligence comprehending the whole necessity of the nation, seeing and perceiving the relation of activities of each other, will take the men who can best be spared and make soldiers of them and will retain the men who cannot be spared and keep them as miners, engineers, artisans, and workmen who will preserve the structure and save the power of the country.

Leave soldiering to the emotions, to the patriotic impulse, the personal selection and decision and you may so weaken an essential industry that it would be better for the country if the enemy had received the incentive to strength if upon such terms the men who volunteered could have been retained in their industries.

A little war may be conducted upon the volunteer system because it will make but a little drain upon the country's resources. A great war cannot be so conducted, or if it be so conducted, will have a criminal waste.—The Chicago Tribune.

Baku—A Brilliant Stroke.

The astonishing nature of the British appearance at Baku, on the Caspian sea, Russia's oil and Asiatic metropolis, may be indicated to the American mind by an imaginary comparison. Let us suppose that the United States were at war with Great Britain and were busily engaged in trying to stop the progress of an expedition which had managed to land on the coast of Maine, when suddenly another British expedition, having crossed Canada and sailed in boats from Sault Ste. Marie, swooped down on Chicago, and took possession of that city. Such an exploit, indeed, would not quite match the performance of the British at Baku, for in that case the expedition would be marching across a British and a civilized country, whereas the Baku expedition has had to traverse an ill-settled, mostly desolate and foreign country.

It is a remarkable and brilliant military achievement, with its political side. It readily admits Great Britain to leadership from now on in the Russian situation. It outranks in importance the occupation of Vladivostok by Japanese and Americans. It is not to be supposed that the British have gone to the Caspian sea without an adequate force to maintain themselves on Russian soil. We are bound to suppose that they have made sure their communications, via Resht, their Persian port, with Bagdad and Baku, their base on the Persian gulf. This being the case, they are just as well situated to occupy Baku. Astrakhan means being in touch with the Don Cosack; it means Tzaritsyn and the lower valley of the Volga, with close touch with the main body of the Czech-Slovaks, and the back door of Moscow wide open.

Taken in connection with the rapid movement of the British southward from Archangel, and with the Siberian expedition, it may be said at once that the British are substituting the eastern line, and to present the German control in bolshevik Russia with a new crisis. It will affect the Russian imagination as nothing else could. And the Russian imagination is not the only one that will be affected. The presence of the English on the Caspian sea will declare to all Asia that the British power is still solid in that continent. It will check the tide that has been setting toward Germany with the dominance of Berlin over Constantinople and the revival of Turkish influence in central Asia consequent upon the fall and disintegration of Russia. And all this in addition to the very neat material stroke which is involved in the displacement of the Germans from the control, or the putative control, of the great Russian oil fields.

Every economic interest and every conservative social aspiration in the old Russian empire will now look to England for its reconstitution or its deliverance.—Boston Transcript.

Danger.

If you have cracked lips be careful whom you kiss," says a noted physician. Be careful whom you kiss, anyway.—Boston Transcript.

WEAPONS UNDER TABLE.

How Russians Carried Out Assassination of Von Mirbach.

Amsterdam, Aug. 17.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press).—Russians who assassinated General Von Mirbach, the German ambassador to Russia, concealed their weapons under the table over which they were conversing with the German diplomat, according to details of the killing published by the Berlin Lokal Anzeiger, as coming from an eye-witness of the murder.

"Count Mirbach, Privy Councillor Ressler, and Lieutenant Mueller, were seated with the two Russians at a marble table in the middle of the room," says the witness. "On one side were the Germans, and on the other the Russians. All were seated in low leather chairs, which was an advantage for the Russians as they were thus able to get their weapons ready under the marble table without being observed, while their victims, leaning back in their chairs, offered an easy target."

"During the conversation the Russians began to turn over the pages of their documents as though in search of some missing papers, and the attention of the Germans was thus distracted by this pause. While Count Mirbach and his colleagues imagined that the Russians were examining the documents, they had drawn out their weapons under the cover of the table."

"They then sprang up with revolvers, and began firing; one Russian aiming at Count Mirbach, the other at the two other Germans. Count Mirbach was hit in the back of the head. On his falling, the shots, people hurried in from the neighboring rooms, and the Russians thereupon took to flight, but, before springing out of the window, each of them hurled a hand grenade. Only one grenade exploded, the splinters of which hit Count Mirbach, killing him immediately."

"TORE 'EM LOOSE UP THERE."

A Wounded Doughboy Tells of the Scrap Near Chateau Thierry.

His hair was red and curly and his eyes were gray, spotted with tiny hints of brown. He was propped up on his cot, laboriously endeavoring to write a letter with his one available hand.

"Say, hold that pad against my knee for just a minute, will you?" he begged. "I'm tryin' to write a little note to the folks to tell 'em I'm not hurt bad, an' my left arm's all busted up with high explosive. I can't keep that pad in place."

I held the pad on his knee while he scribbled his message of assurance. "How bad are you hurt?" I asked him. He laughed mischievously as he folded up the letter.

"About as bad as a man can be an' live, I guess. Two got holes in my back and on my hip from high explosive that you could stick your fists in an' my left arm's all busted up. An' I feel fine. That's what gets me. I feel fine! When I come to after I was hit an' kind of looked over what was left of me I just kissed myself goodbye an' wondered how it come I was still livin'! Then they bandaged me up an' got me into an ambulance, an' when that old bus began to move an' jolt I was afraid I was goin' to live too long. Oh, boy! That was a ride! But I'm all right now. I'm not goin' to be crippled anyway, an' I'll probably be marked for duty again in another month or six weeks. It's the limit what can happen to a man without killin' him! But, oh, boy! We certainly did tear 'em loose up there. We kicked 'em off that town, an—"

"What town was it?"

"Barned if I know. It was just one of them French towns. Up there somewhere near the Chateau Thierry place. They had some fun with us while we was gettin' there, but we done all the laughin' after we got at 'em. I been in France for pretty near a year now, doin' ev'ry thing from stovepipe work to provost guard. I've peddled wheelbarrows and long-shored ships an' built roads an' swept up towns that was dirty an' been a bucket o' cold water on poor guys that was just out tryin' to have a little good time, an' up there last week was the first chance I had to get at a Heine. William Slavens McNutt in Collier's Weekly."

JINGLES AND JESTS

Beach Bading.

"Strange that the ocean should leave such a litter upon the beach."
 "Why strange?"
 "Because the ocean is naturally tidy."
 —Boston Transcript.

What She Wanted.

Mabel—You made an awful fuss when Jack Bullion kissed you last night. Were you calling for help?
 Madge—Gracious, no! For witnesses.
 —Boston Transcript.

A Query.

Baseball not work. Then tell us for the love of several Mikes, if baseball players work not, how can they go out on strikes?—Boston Transcript.

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 6. Dip quickly into cold water. Finish preparation (omit steps 5 and 6 for all fruits not named).
 7. Pack at once in hot, clean jars or other containers.
 8. Pour over the fruit the boiling hot water.
 9. Wipe around top of jar carefully with clean cloth.
 10. Place scalded rubber and cap in position.
 11. Partially tighten tops; seal tin cans completely.
 12. Sterilize for the length of time given below, according to the particular type of outfit used: Hot water bath . . . 30 minutes. Water seal 214 degrees 12 minutes. 5 pounds steam pressure, 12 min.
 13. Remove jars from canner; seal completely.
 14. Invert to test joints for pinholes leaks.
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